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Washington the Saviour.^t

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

A SHACKLED sleep of years,
A waking horror of unspoken fears
She knew, thy Country, pale from tears.
Fettered for uncommitted harm,
For speaking hopes to man most dear oppressed,
To thee she came in woeful raiment dressed,
Champion, and took thy young, untrammelled arm.

Fresh from Virginia's fields,
Strong with the strength that glowing manhood
wields,
Thy life to her protection yields.
No breath of fame had touched thy brow—
Fame that alone may coin the title great—
We see thee signed in youth's unlaurelled state
With all the virtues that we honor now.

Calm through that high debate
When the great bell broke on the house of state
And the clouds raised of thy Country's fate.
Firm when from half-ploughed Lexington
The shock and thunder of reverberate war
Hurtled across the bleak Atlantic bar,
And England shook before the farmers' gun.

Staunch in the test of might—
The long-waged, weary, starved and bleeding fight—
Thou foughtest steadfast for the right.
The God of Freedom's battle line,—
Thin-ranked or full; in every nation flung
Since human life itself was budding-young,—
Thou knewest looked victory down on thee and
thine.

Buoyant throughout that trial,
Grave wast thou when the broken British file
Laid down their arms, a useless pile.
Thou knewest that nations are not great
By might alone nor martial strategy,
But as they live that war may needless be;
And on this faith didst ground the infant state.

Wise in that jocund hour
When grateful countrymen would thee endower
With all the nation's new-found power.
No thought of empire, sprung from pride,
Had ever in the long fight nerved thy stand;
Thou gavest then the nation a clean hand
To take her as a knight might take a bride.

Plundered of skies o'erhead;
The glory of the stars and stripes of red
In the Nation's noble flag didst wed:
The warning of the lightning's bars,
The loyalty of heaven's o'erbending blue,
The gleam of peace that shineth whitely
through
The still splendor of the steadfast stars.

And now thy brow we twine
With leaves symbolic of the tree divine,
While lights of peace war's glare outshine.
Warrior, statesman, chief, the deep impress
Of thy great soul is on the Nation yet,
And while they live thy sons can not forget
Thine honored ways, nor cease thy name to bless.

An elected people we,
Locked by the far-shored sea
In our immensity.
Ours is a history clean of shame,
Ours is a present full of hope,
A future ours of boundless scope,
Be all the honor to thy name,—
Our Country's Saviour, Washington.

Washington's Ideal.*

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.



ACH succeeding year at Notre Dame elicits a demonstration such as the one we have entered upon to-day. The regularity of its occurrence and the sameness of its character tend to increase our devotion and refresh in our minds the image of him in whose honor we are here assembled. To speak to you on this occasion of the many brave and heroic deeds performed by Washington during the pioneer days on this continent would only recall to your minds scenes and adventures with which everyone present has long been familiar. Merely to relate or dwell upon the hardships, the sufferings and the sorrows of the great and benevolent General, or to expatiate upon his foresight and sagacity as President of our infant Republic, would give you but an inadequate idea of that man whose character to-day is esteemed, praised and loved by the very nation from whom he had, in his manhood, wrested an empire, and by the grateful heart of every truly American citizen. To dwell, then, for a few moments upon the exalted motive which influenced the actions of this great man, and to admire the sterling patriotism which this lofty motive begot, is my intention in speaking to you to-day. We see the influence of this high motive upon his every act; guiding him as a youth serving under the unappreciative Braddock; strengthening and consoling him in the trying days of the Revolution, and, finally, cheering and directing him as the head of our young and glorious Republic. Love of human liberty was the star to which the chariot of his ambition was hitched; love of human liberty that in his latter years identified itself with that most ardent love of country which led him to exclaim: "I would offer myself a willing sacrifice provided I could contribute to the people's ease."

Whether we follow him through the vicissitudes of his early frontier life, or employed in

staying the unjust encroachments of France, we see him actuated by one ever-present motive. Met at the very dawn of his military career by that experience of human stupidity and indifference which seemed to follow him through life, Washington never faltered; even in defeat he was borne up by his ever-present desire of freedom, whence sprang that endurance and patriotism which won for us a country and for Washington the undying love of a grateful nation.

Washington's life as a boy differed in no great degree from that of the youngsters of his time. Inured to a rough life by his early training as a surveyor, Washington loved to indulge in the perilous excitement of whatever sports the severe Virginian winter could afford. This, together with his early dealings with the Indians, coming in the formative period of his life, fitted him far better than he knew for that life of hardship which he was soon to be called upon to lead.

In his early twenties he was induced to take up arms against the French who had unceremoniously entered and taken up quarters in Pennsylvania. Here we first see the greatness and the possibilities of our young hero. With the road to fame open before him, he was prevented from reaching the coveted goal by the brave but haughty Braddock. When we see this young hero giving himself up with such zeal and earnestness to his country's cause,—never wavering even under the most distressing circumstances;—when we behold this brave young soldier on the battlefield at Fort Du Quesne throwing himself into the very jaws of death and rescuing the scattered remnants of England's ill-directed army, we do not have to look far for the motive which impelled him onward. Love of liberty kept burning in his breast the feeble flame of patriotism which the ungrateful attitude of Braddock and his English compeers had almost extinguished. During the first period of his life Washington fought for and revered England, his mother country. So long as England proved a kind mother, so long was Washington a loyal son. But when England in her insatiable greed sought to take away the rights—the free and inalienable rights—of her colonists, Washington was the first to step forward and demand restitution. England's answer, as you well

* Oration delivered at the Washington Birthday Exercises.

know, gave birth to the Revolution, which Washington, burning with the desire of freedom, espoused and championed to the end. As soon as a Congress had been formed and the independence of the thirteen states proclaimed, you know how unceasingly Washington labored to set in circulation the stagnant blood of patriotism which clogged the veins of tepid and wavering colonists.

See him as time and time again he leads his crude and ill-rationed army to signal victory; see him stem the tide of indifference which threatened to irrevocably blot out of existence his already chaotic army; see him tramping through snow and ice, leading a half-shod and impoverished army across the bleak and ice-bound Delaware, where he captures the well-fed and well-paid mercenaries of England, and plants on the shore of Jersey the flag of liberty and freedom. Tell me what motive could have induced Washington to undergo the hardships of these battles; tell me what could have induced him to bear in silence the continual contumelies of Congress at this time when he most needed help and sympathy; tell me what led him to eke out a miserable existence with an ever-decreasing and starving army at Valley Forge; tell me this and you shall but re-echo that high and lofty principle of human liberty and freedom which ever actuated the deeds of the Father of our Country.

Later on when the bands of bondage had been forever shaken off, and Washington had been chosen by the people to fill the office of President, that noble motive which heretofore had influenced his life now identified itself with that strong and ardent love of country which characterized his life ever afterward. From the selection of his first cabinet even to the laying aside of his power we see this noble soul working for the best interests of his country, and his country alone. Can we not truly say that Washington's honest dealing in the care of selecting his first cabinet was the only means that ever made possible the practical existence of a nation governed by the theoretical tenets of an untried and an unknown constitution. Had he been led by any selfish motives; had he allowed party considerations to enter into his choice, who can say what would have become of our now great and glorious Republic. Would it have fallen back into

the despised monarchical rule of England? or would it have fallen still lower into the slavish despotism of the Eastern world? Civilization and Christianity watched with unabating interest the policy and action of Washington. Those principles of honesty, liberty and freedom which he professed were carried into the darkest corner of the Eastern world where they were soon to leave an indelible stamp upon Civilization and Christianity.

Above all personal considerations, Washington looked upon that sacred trust which the people had put into his hands; and his performance of this duty leaves no doubt in our minds that he acted for the purest and best interest of his country. In that humble phrase, "honesty is the best policy," he led his adherents to believe that he would act fairly and justly to all; and were they deceived? When once he had proclaimed an entire and indisputable impartiality toward foreign states he could not be moved to deviate in the least from that principle. Hardly had our nation blossomed when an appeal for aid was made by France, but Washington saw the rashness of entangling a weak nation in foreign contention. His only thought was the welfare of his country, and as this could be maintained only by a strict neutrality, he had to refuse help to that nation which had helped him throw off the British yoke and was instrumental in securing our independence. This line of action made Washington an object of fiercest attack for his enemies. Charged with the usurpation of power, treason to his country and the embezzlement of public funds, yea, threatened even with impeachment and assassination, this noble character, his heart bursting with love for his people and country, met his enemies with silence and prayer. He was right; he knew it, and no sinister, no party considerations could alter his course. Fame, greatness, reputation—all might be lost, but his country, never. Washington's conduct in this crisis was admirable. It remained for future ages to proclaim its expediency.

Washington's last communication to us teems with that same spirit of love which he ever bore his country. When people had learned to know his genius and to honor and esteem his character; when Congress

realized the sincerity of their leader and were willing to bow in submission to him; when, in a word, he was about to reap the reward of his early struggles, he quietly sheathed his sword and withdrew from public life, uttering these words: "I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping." The salvation of the Republic, the integrity of the Union for which he labored so unceasingly, was secure. Washington had done his duty to mankind; he had fulfilled his mission, and now, enjoying the respect, love and admiration of every true American patriot, he withdrew to end his days in unalloyed peace.

One can not know Washington, his early struggles, his trials and sorrows, without being influenced by the purity and nobleness of his life. For when we see embodied in the nature of this man the very principles of honesty and integrity which we so prize to-day; when we see this warrior, statesman and diplomat moving and acting in the selfsame universe in which we ourselves must move and act; when we see him putting into his daily acts those very elements which make up the Christian character, we are instinctively drawn to him; we love, esteem and emulate him.

To-day we hear our country calling for such men as Washington. They are needed in Congress, in our state legislatures and in every public office. Washington's example is before us. Had the seed planted by him and our early fathers been blighted in the bud, they would not have looked upon their work as a failure. Stouter hearts had they and stronger faith. They would have known that at another day, if not in theirs, their hopes would be realized to the full; they would have looked forward with confident hearts to the time when America, by God's help and by her own, would stand forth as the greatest nation of the world; they would have looked forward to that day when men would be proud to say, "I am an American." But the seed they planted was not blighted; it took root and has grown and blossomed. The day they longed for has come; it comes to you and to me

laden with honor and responsibility. Our fathers for years "have handed down the torch," each generation to its successor. That light which signifies all the ideals of personal worth and of civic usefulness is now in our hands, and it is our sacred care to keep it burning. The spirit of our fathers is with us still and their eyes are upon us. Let us resolve they shall not look down with shame upon their sons. Worse than foreign invasion, worse than all discord of party strife, worst of all national perils, is the loss of this high ideal of personal duty even on the part of the humblest citizen. Let not the Father of our Country from his pedestal of glory look down upon degeneracy in the ranks of his sons, for then in truth will his work have been a failure; but from his height in glory may he see in the heart of each of us, burning with a steady flame, that torch of national devotedness by which his own life was so nobly guided.

The Personality of Washington.

WILLIAM C. O'BRIAN, '06.

There is no better way to honor the deceased Father of our Country than by recalling the deeds wherein he obtained his well-deserved fame, for by doing so we not only weave a garland of glory round his brow but also fill our own souls with patriotism and a love for all that is best in our country.

It is interesting to look into the early days of Washington and study his great character as a boy. It is worth while to dwell at length on the brave deeds he performed and the devotedness he displayed as a true patriot; it is inspiring to read how he was instrumental in bringing this great nation into existence; how he suffered at its birth, cradled it in its infancy, fought and labored for it until he was old and worn. Although all these acts may deserve praise and are worthy of our admiration, there is yet something to be said which was one of the features in the success of the Revolution, for it achieved what genius and bravery could not—I speak of Washington's personality.

Men look forward to externals more than to the internal. They are drawn irresistibly by the expression of the strong, the brave, the beautiful and the good, so that in a way they judge ability and form their likes and dislikes by mere appearance. The Creator, in whose hands the destiny of nations rests, so fashions those whom He chooses as leaders that their very presence will win people. He gives them a certain magnetic force that attracts men and holds them together. That Washington was gifted with this power is well known.

When our colonies were weighed down with oppression and were suffering untold wrongs; when men were sad and sick of English rule and were about to throw off the fetters of "taxation without representation;" when the inevitable war was at hand, and men were looking forward for some one to lead them, they were gladdened one day when the doors of old Independence Hall swung back and proclaimed George Washington their commander-in-chief. The air was rent with shrieks of joy as he came forth radiant in glorious uniform and his face beaming with patriotism. As he went forth to gather the troops, he was greeted with acclamations of joy; people went out to meet him; children rushed to the streets to catch a glimpse of him; fathers and mothers stood eagerly here and there to greet him; soldiers sent cheer after cheer through their camp; cannons roared and the whole land was filled with jubilation. It was an inspiration in itself to behold his great manly figure riding along so stately, so dignified and so reserved. The people loved him; gave him their confidence, their devotion and their whole self, for they knew that under his guidance, although the army consisted of brave, enthusiastic, untrained farmer boys, they could accomplish the desire that burned in their breasts. Having

A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.

During the long years of the Revolution and for eight years of his political life, the people clung to him as children to their father. It was his presence that gave the soldiers courage at Dorchester Heights, as he rode back and forth through the camp

all night long. Here they were within shooting distance of the enemy—a few bands of undisciplined troops, without ammunition and devoid of many necessaries, standing in the face of twenty bands, well-trained and supplied with every necessity. Yet because Washington was there they never flinched. Nor was this personality less remarkable in the battle of Princeton. When General Mercer was wounded, the troops began to falter, especially as the main army of the enemy approached; the British opened fire; the inexperienced troops in the van wavered and were just on the verge of flight. As they were advancing and retreating, drooping, fainting, the wounded and the dying lying here and there, out of that coiling smoke and roar of cannon; out of that confusion and almost sure death, Washington dashed to the front within thirty yards of the enemy, revived their valor and their courage by his presence, so that the troops stood firm and the battle continued. Soon the field was streaming with English blood; the victory was won. Washington's presence had saved the day, had saved the Revolution, for this was a decisive moment of the war. It was his presence too that nerved his little band of three thousand raw troops, poorly fed, poorly clothed, ill-shod with but few arms and less ammunition, to face the eleven thousand at Long Island.

When we think of this contrast we can not help thinking of some great magnetic power in him that gave every soldier endurance. What was it that gave them courage to follow him at Valley Forge as they traced the snow with their bleeding feet? Was it not his presence that kept the spark of patriotism burning in their heart as they crouched around the fire all night long trying to keep warm? Was it not his presence that cheered those wasting away from hunger and sickness? We all remember the battle of Monmouth, when Lee and the whole army were retreating and the troops were running hither and thither to escape death, as Washington rode to the front, the soldiers took courage, fell into line, stood their ground, and finally drove the enemy from the field. That his personality was one of the causes in the success of the war is shown again at Yorktown. Although the victory on land was almost sure, it

was not so on sea. Here in order to save the day he had to call upon allies. It is something to command one's own; it is something to gain the consent of distant friends, but it is still greater to be able to control an army of allied troops.

The Germans, French and Irish, and every good nation loved Washington. It was his personality as well as his genius that awakened Europe. Men esteemed him greater than a mere fighter. They read within his countenance sincerity, patriotism and determination. When I look back to the days of '76 I feel that I too would have stood by such an one and should consider death triumphant fighting so near to him.

Would that he lived yet to inspire us with courage, but,

He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here; and we believe him
Something far advanced in state
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

Yes, for more than a hundred years he has slept in the midst of us but his memory still lives in the heart of every true American and will continue on echoing forth his glorious deeds even beyond the veil of eternity.

Song of Passing.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07

WHERE are the men whose place we fill,
The strong young souls of yesterday,
The men of heart, the men of will?
"The wind hath blown them all away."

Where are the customs of the past?
Into what labyrinth did they stray?
They all have vanished in the blast—
"The wind hath blown them all away."

Where are the memories of the dead?
Methought that they would ever stay;
But now behold they too have fled,
"The wind hath blown them all away."

So we and ours shall also pass
Like to the suckling leaves of May;
It shall be said of us alas!
"The wind hath blown them all away."

Lullaby.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

SLUMBER, sweet babe, on thy mother's white breast,
Knowing no care.

Day has gone out through the gates of the west,
Soft is the air.

Luna comes forth through the portals of night,
Tossed is her hair;
Slumber, my child, in the silvery light,
Young, and so fair.

Rocked are the stars in the wavelets blue,
Cradles of night;
Soft breezes ride on the boughs of the yew
Waving so slight.

Sleep, baby, sleep on thy mothers white breast
While the pale light
Bathes thy warm cheek as thou silently rest
Through the long night.

Washington and Religion.

EDWARD J. FINNEGAN, '06.

How soon men are forgotten after they have filled the time allotted them; yet how much sooner do their deeds and characteristics become, in the minds of men, exaggerated, confused or mystified. Alive a man may profess one religion, dead a dozen are imputed to him; in his life his public acts are praised, in death they are criticised. "Such things become the hatch and brood of time." Comparatively speaking, we are more familiar with and our insight more distinct into the lives and life-works of many early American patriots than with those of George Washington. To the vast majority of citizens the Father of their country lives in history as Romulus lives in the pages of Livy. They know him as the great General—the boy that never told a lie; the extremist has even edged him out of existence.

Homer, we believe, was born but once—this is generally granted, and no one has accused him of more than one birth—yet seven cities have infallibly decreed that within their walls daylight first shone upon the poet. Of Washington it has been remarked that it is inconceivable how he

could have remained the wealthiest man in America, had he paid rent for all the pews accredited him. Every little mushroom sect of his time hailed him as one of its pillars; every little church of his state possesses a pew which it is a pleasure for its sexton to point out to curio-hunters as the Washington family pew, and within which perhaps an *edition de luxe* of one of Washington's MS. prayer-books lies, dust-covered. As the years round out, the twenty-second of February brings with it some new phase of Washington's career, or else throws a veil over some already obscure view of his character. When such history manufacturing will cease is recklessness to suppose, but we live in hope that "Time will beget some careful remedy."

We do not intend to expose the subject of this paper to the lime-light in order to proclaim him as the follower of some new creed—we leave it to Mrs. Eddy to make him a Christian Scientist—but we wish to behold Washington in the atmosphere of early religious tolerance, to learn his attitude toward the Church, and to know his religious character in active life.

Almost in sight of the house in which George Washington was born, Catholicism rooted and spread as it did in the pagan days of Rome. Across the Potomac the Holy Sacrifice was to be found, yet unseen to the searching eye of the persecutor. Hidden among the hills of fair Maryland, offered in the darkened nooks and corners of private houses, the Church of centuries met persecution, even in a colony founded and intended as the first fruits of a people's love of freedom. To a zealous clergyman's appeal that the Virginians had souls, the civil authority replied: "Souls! damn their souls! Let them plant tobacco."

In Virginia no law existed forbidding the Holy Sacrifice until after William and Mary; but then there was a statute which read, "that it shall be lawful under the penaltie aforesaid, 1000bbs. of tobacco, for any popish priest that shall hereafter arrive to remaine above five days after warning given for his departure by the governor or commander of the place where he or they shall bee, if wind and weather hinder not his departure." Little less than a half century before Washington's birth the policy of

James II. and his sons carried fear to the early American settlers and kept afame the popular prejudice against Catholics. And just as this anti-religious feeling was subsiding the approach of the French on the western boundary revived it. There was also a law that compelled the parsons to use only the common-prayer-book catechism for instruction, but many indeed failed even to instruct. As a profession they impressed a government official as "well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener, and preach less." These were dark days when the state was the church, yet amid such hatred and ignorance the father of to-day's freedom was born.

Perhaps Washington's baptism is the only part of his religious training that does not border on incredulity. In his mother's bible, in that traditional family *addendum* of births, marriages, etc., one may read this insertion: "George Washington was baptized the third of April (1732). Mr. Beverly Whiting and Captain Brookes godfathers, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory godmother." The old style of reckoning time was then still in vogue, so that the baptism, according to the new calendar, actually occurred on April fourteenth. So too with the date of his birth which was changed from the eleventh to the twenty-second of February with the adoption of the Gregorian calendar. The place and minister of his baptism are not known. No data with reference to Washington's early religious instruction exist, save the traditions that have been accorded by Mason Weems, which are no doubt entirely mythical. We know his father possessed a kind and affectionate nature, and to these qualities Weems credits several anecdotes concerning the truths and precepts of natural religion with which the plastic mind of Washington was impressed: "The cabbage seed which, in imitation of Beattie, he planted that it might grow and spell his name to illustrate that creation implies a creator; the half-apple which he gave away in the spring, rewarded by abounding fruit in the autumn, to illustrate the need and reward of kindness." Indeed to the mystic Weems, Washington owes the childish regard and praise of his great love of truthfulness.

The Virginian lady, as was then the custom in education, possessed but superficial

learning. Washington's mother, therefore, boasted of little knowledge; her reading was somewhat limited, her favorite book being Hale's "Moral and Divine Contemplations." Of such a taste she, no doubt transmitted to her son's tender mind sufficient notion of right and wrong. She was naturally affectionate and loving, as in after years, when her son was mounting high in national esteem, she exclaimed: "George was always a good boy and would surely do his duty."

How any atheistic ideas can be imputed to Washington is inconceivable, when in his voluminous writings we read and see so many references to an "overruling Providence," yet by one writer he has been made out a follower of that doctrine. On the contrary, his keen sense of duty and responsibility which he displayed so early in life and which guided his whole career, unquestionably shows his faith in a Creator. That his notion of responsibility was not at all deterministic is proven by his frequent reference to the Supreme Being. In all his official success and in the preservation of his life at critical moments, he saw the Invisible Hand protecting. Delivered from the British after his army's narrow escape from annihilation, he remonstrates: "The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation."

In his "Farewell Address" he knows the safeguard of society is religion: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.... Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice?" And how the aphorism "Ours is a kind of a struggle designed by Providence to try the patience, fortitude and virtue of men," re-echoes the Book of Job: "the life of man upon earth is a warfare."

In view of the hindrances of public Catholic profession we can well suppose that Washington never met or knew a Catholic until early manhood. Up to 1751 his letters indicate no Catholic correspondent; and no doubt for many years his acquaintance with

those who professed Catholicity was among the French. In 1753 he met on official business at Venango Captain Joncaine, a Catholic, and later on during the war Washington must have mingled to a great extent with Catholic army officials and soldiers. Colonel John Fitzgerald was his aide-de-camp, and Lafayette became his intimate friend. To a general whose every thought was concentrated on the crucial question of the hour, observation of religious dispositions was seldom indulged in. Quite true we believe this, for as some one has written in a pathetic strain: "He never saw a Sister of Charity on his battlefield, her white cornette, flag of the Truce of God, carrying the charity of angels beside the courage of men."

In 1791 Washington was at Georgetown arranging for the foundation of the federal city, and while there paid a visit to Georgetown College. He attended the Catholic church for the first time on October 9, 1774. Washington was then forty-two years old. He was in Philadelphia as delegate to the Continental Congress, and on that day, it being Sunday, he went to Vespers at St. Joseph's Church. He recorded the visit, but no hint is given to show what effect it might have produced on him. Oct. 9.—"Went to Presbyterian meeting in the forenoon and the Romish church in the afternoon; dined at Bevan's." Again Washington notes in his diary that he went to Catholic services while attending the sessions of the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. May 27.—"Went to Romish church to High Mass; dined, drank tea and spent the evening at my lodgings."

When Washington retired into private life he turned his attention to his own neighborhood, and for a brief period was chosen vestryman in two parishes. But the duties, however, of the vestry were almost civil in nature, although there was the care of looking after the poor as well as paying the parson. During this period of his life, it is said, he always attended church on Sundays, almost invariably the Episcopal. Considerable discussion has taken place concerning his reception of the communion, the result of which points to the fact that he seldom if ever approached the communion-table; that during the last thirty years of his

life, it is known for a certainty, he never participated in this ceremony. Whether in after-life Washington's views were changed, there is proof that early in life he utterly rejected the essential doctrine of the communion.

In 1754, the same year that Washington—he was then twenty-three years old—was given charge of the regiment then being organized against the French, he made a formal declaration of disbelief, not only as regards Episcopal communion but Catholic as well. The act as recorded is still extant in the county court of Fairfax. It reads thus: "Lieutenant Colonel George Washington, Lieutenants John West, Jr., and James Tower, presented their military commissions, took the oaths according to law registered, and subscribed the *test*." The test, which is still preserved in the same court-house, reads: "The subscribers declare that there is no transubstantiation in the elements of bread and wine at or before the consecration thereof by any person whatever."

That Washington's mind was untainted by prejudice or religious bigotry toward Catholicity is clearly shown in a severe reprimand provoked by a number of soldiers who participated in the customary celebration at Boston Heights and elsewhere of the so-called discovery of the Gunpowder Plot by burning an effigy of the Pope. Washington possessed a highly developed moral sensitiveness. He protested earnestly against the violation of Sunday, against the use of indecent language and the habit of gambling. While in the army he issued an injunction that "if they (officers) should hear the men swearing or using oaths or execrations, to order the offenders twenty-five lashes immediately without court-martial." In early manhood he had kept a public fast all day, and in the army always insisted upon religious service.

Washington has often been referred to as a special patron of Freemasonry. We know he took the first three degrees, but to his impartial mind the masonic atmosphere must have been stifling, for after his thirty-sixth year he attended the society's meetings but once or twice. He was accused of presiding over the masonic lodges in this country, but in a letter he protests: "I preside over none,

nor have I been in one more than once or twice within the last thirty years."

Washington died December 14, 1799. He faced death with perfect tranquillity, with a consciousness of one's duty well done, with no lurking regrets. It was a kind of death which one might picture of a genius whose religious convictions in life were not very pronounced. He expressed no desire for religious comfort, no thought of a hereafter. He appeared, however, to have one fear—premature burial. "I am going," he said calmly to those around his deathbed, "have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days." To prevent any mistake he asked: "Do you understand me?" They nodded assent. To this he replied—they were his last words—"Tis well."

Perhaps somewhat brokenly we have traced the dim lines of Washington's religious belief. That he never claimed any renown in the religious sphere is quite evident. In all his public acts his motives were always pure and unapproachable. His high moral character shone out above all his deeds; he knew what was right; he shunned what was wrong. He felt himself called to a great work, and he never faltered in its accomplishment. Though he might have preferred to follow another course, yet his delicate notion of justice persuaded him to give his life to his people. Fair America was his fane, liberty his altar, genius his offering, social welfare his motive,—a sacrifice which he offered up to that Supreme Being before whom we find him prostrate at Valley Forge; to that supernatural power which he saw working in every fortune of the young Republic, under whose protection and guidance he placed his handiwork when he entrusted its future to other hands.

My Ideal.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

Behind the mountains grey,
Beyond the bar of day,
Behold a silver star;
A sapphire in the sky,
That leadeth me on high
Where the Immortals are.

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—Doubtless many of our readers have remarked the extent to which we have gone in our columns this week in celebrating the worth and wisdom of our great pristine president; to such an extent that the present issue might well be called a "Washington Day number." However, we feel that we need make no apology for the expenditure of space. Graceless indeed would be our natures and insolvent our souls if we had to truck and higgle over the price or manner of paying the debt we owe to Washington. The nobility and unselfishness of his patriotism should afford a lesson that no American can forget.

His putting some of the force of his character into his every act should make the circumstances of his life well worth repeating, that taking the cold principles that dominated his life we might distil them in the alembic of our appreciation and they too might nerve us to the same sincerity of purpose. The microscopic criticism of the historians of the day has not discovered a stain in the white garment of his glory nor the general iconoclasm of the times destroyed this idol of popular worship; and for this we should be thankful.

—Deep gloom fell upon the faculty and students of the University last Thursday when it was learned that St. Viateur's College at Kankakee had been burned to the ground. The misfortune is aggravated by the fact, as reported in the newspapers, that the heavy loss was only partially covered by insurance. Our *Alma Mater* has always felt more than usual sympathy with St. Viateur's, and this sympathy is heightened a hundredfold by the sad event of Wednesday night. The work done in our sister college is as sincere as her spirit is broad, and her alumni have good cause to be loyal to her. They will have an opportunity of proving their loyalty in this great emergency—old students by generous contributions to the rebuilding of St. Viateur's and present-day students by standing by her in the hour of her distress and steadfastly refusing to transfer their allegiance to other colleges. The great and good men who upbuilt St. Viateur's will know how to draw good out of apparent evil, and the SCHOLASTIC, voicing the feelings of all at Notre Dame, prays that the new college may be even bigger and better than the old. Courage, St. Viateur's!

—The need of a Catholic Reference Book has been felt by all classes of readers, but to no one has it been more apparent than to the student of history, and especially to the student of Church history. The specimen pages of the Catholic Encyclopedia fully justify us in asserting that at last this need is to be adequately supplied. The scope of this great work will comprehend all the various forms of Catholic teaching, every field of Catholic action, and Catholic interests of all kinds. The long list of contributors, the select Catholic scholars of the world, forces upon us the feeling that every subject will obtain full and authoritative treatment. The specimen pages clearly prove that we will not be deceived in our expectations. Every article has been carefully weighed and considered, while the style is truly encyclopedic. This work is a welcome addition to every library, and will accomplish at least one great end in so far as it frees us from being forced to take bigoted and partial writers for authorities, a hitherto necessary attitude.

Washington's Birthday Celebration.

Last Thursday afternoon witnessed the formal celebration of George Washington's Birthday. At two-thirty o'clock the students of the University were assembled in Washington Hall to do honor by song and speech to the "Father of his Country." The exercises were similar in character to those of former years, the only new feature being the first public appearance of Notre Dame's latest contribution to the musical world, the glee club. The program opened with an inspiring selection by the University Orchestra, followed in turn with a song from the glee club. Mr. McGinn then orated at some length on "Washington's Ideal," his paper as well as the poem read by Mr. O'Donnell being printed in full in other columns of this issue. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," as sung by the audience introduced the event of the afternoon, the presentation of the flag. The presentation address, made by John F. Shea in behalf of the Class of 1906, was as follows:

VERY REV. FATHER CAVANAUGH:—It is a pleasure for the class of 1906 to be able this day to honor the memory of America's greatest patriot and to give expression of loyalty to our country and to Notre Dame.

This beautiful custom of presenting the national flag to our University is a long-established one, and we sincerely hope that these exercises to-day may prove but a link in the chain of a custom that will extend unbroken into the far future.

In the early days of our Republic there existed a blind and passionate antipathy in the hearts of many against the Catholic citizen. These prejudiced people insisted that spiritual fealty to the Pontiff at Rome was incompatible with loyalty to one's country, and the fangs of their prejudice were seen and felt in the violence of the Know-Nothing and similar movements. The great flow of Catholic immigration into this country, which began in the early forties, was also looked upon by many with the greatest distrust. It was openly asserted that such people could not feel emotions of patriotism, and that their presence in this country would prove a menace to the safety of the government in time of war or

national stress. In the course of events a war did come, and an effort was made to disrupt the Union. In the terrible struggle that strained the very fibres of our national structure, the distrusted Catholic gave his answer to the base charges of bigotry; and in the entire annals of our country there is no record more glorious, no sacrifice more heroic, than that of a Catholic regiment that charged and died on the hills of Fredericksburg. To-day the Catholic is recognized and trusted in our political life, and his influence on the whole has been one for good. We can justly be proud of such men as Bourke Cockran, Secretary Bonaparte and Senator Gearin, who represent such sterling types of Catholic citizenship and who are so intimately connected with Notre Dame.

Though our country is to-day peaceful and prosperous, nevertheless there is as much necessity for strength and character in her citizens as there was in the early days of war and rebellion. We are constantly meeting with exposures of corruption and graft in our political life, which make it the duty of every citizen to take a jealous interest in politics and to exert his influence in our national life as a power for good.

This duty is recognized at Notre Dame where we are taught to love our country and to venerate the high ideals which actuated her heroes and statesmen.

The Catholic love for country, however, is no love inspired by blind idolatry or mere sentiment. It is something more than this. It is an influence that actuates him above all others, a love that is more absorbing than any other love—the Catholic loves his God and then his country. This is the patriotism that is taught at Notre Dame, and none other is purer or more effective.

Reverend Father Cavanaugh, as a pledge of the love we bear our country, of devotion to her high ideals and gratitude to our *Alma Mater*, we ask you to accept this flag; and it is our fondest hope that when worn and weather-beaten it is added to the relics of other classes that have gone before, it may be said of the class of 1906 that they were faithful to the teachings of Notre Dame and to their country.

Very Rev. President Cavanaugh accepted the flag in behalf of the Faculty. The exercises closed with the singing of "America."

The Preliminary Debates.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the first preliminary debating contests were held in the law lecture room. The question discussed was: Resolved, That a commission be given power to fix railroad rates. The number of contestants was smaller than last year; forty-two names were handed in by the time of the holidays, but shortly before the first contest the list had shrunk to twenty-four. On this account the original plan of picking three out of every six to debate in the semi-final contest was abandoned, and three groups were formed, each having eight speakers, of whom the five with the highest marks were retained. The victors Monday evening were classified by the judges, Fathers Trahey, Schumacher and Prof. Mahony as follows: Donahue, Boyle, Brown, Galligan and Collier. Tuesday the judges were Fathers Cavanaugh and Crumley and Prof. Schwab; the winning debaters: Bolger, Malloy, E. Burke, Young and Cunningham. Wednesday, Profs. Steele, O'Hara and Schwab acted as judges, and Messrs. Hagerty, Corcoran, T. Burke, J. Cunningham, and Corbett were successful.

These debates, like all other contests of the kind at Notre Dame, were hard-fought, exciting battles. Perhaps one of the chief reasons why Notre Dame always turns out winning teams is her free-for-all system of choosing representatives. There are no societies or fraternities to exclude good men; anyone may enter and everyone has an equal chance. It is regrettable that more candidates did not come out this year as there could be no practice more valuable for young men. No one is sure to make the team, and if a debater loses, there is no disgrace attached, but on the contrary he is respected by his fellow-students for his courage in making the attempt, and he himself gets all the profit coming from the writing and memorizing of his speech and the practice in delivering it. No one knows what he can do until he tries.

Messrs. Bolger, Malloy and Donahue of last year's team manifested again their remarkable talents, Mr. Donahue especially showing great improvement. Mr. Young

of Brownson Hall set a good example for new men; he delighted his audience by his direct, clear-cut manner. The same is true of Mr. Valdez, who though just acquiring real facility in the English language made a very creditable showing. Mr. Corcoran, too, surprised everyone. He spoke with fervent earnestness, and his massive frame and voice lent strength to his persuasive words. All in all, the contests were very good, and we need not fear either Iowa or DePauw if the men keep up the pace with which they have started. Professor Reno is again in charge of this work and was well pleased with the debates.

Athletic Notes.

Christie Matthewson can pitch some—he looks like a ball player—he has form and form and form, but you should see a pitcher Notre Dame has. He can pitch some—he looks like a ball-player—he has not form, but Form, and Form, and Form. His initials are secret, but his name is Keefe.

Birmingham has been laid up for the past week with a sore foot and has been unable to practise.

Shea's hand is nearly well and he will soon be at it again the same as ever.

The wind blew around the corners and the shutters rattled on the green-house, but Capt. McNerny had no pity; for taking his sturdy band of future greats out on Carroll campus in the "hail and rain and the snow," he froze them to death—almost. This was on Wednesday.

Thursday Notre Dame's baseball team assembled in a body in the "Gym".

"Mac" McCarthy got the first three-bagger of the year Wednesday.

Coach Arndt has finished his work at Notre Dame for this year and will turn the team over to Captain McNerny—a team well advanced in general all-round knowledge of

baseball and ready to start in to acquire the finishing touches of the game. The squad has gone through all the elementary stages of the game. They have been taught how to stand up to bat how to cover the bags, how to slide to the bases, and all the things that beginners must know before they start in to really play the game.

Arndt has worked hard and earnestly in preparing the team for the coming season and has done all in his power to turn out a winning team for Notre Dame. He will leave on Monday for St. Louis and go South with the National League team of that city to train. This is his second year in fast company, and from his record of last year it is safe to predict that his future will place him high among the leaders in his line. Success and everything that is good we wish him, and hope to hear of great things from him in the baseball world.

**

Bonan appears to be the man who will be compelled to run for the cripples as he goes down to first-base like a quarter-miler..

**

Sam O'Gorman is the best fly-hitter on the team. Coach Arndt had him hitting flies to the out-fielders in the early part of the week, and by actual measurements one man ran four hundred and ninety-eight thousand yards—chasing the ball.

**

Hogan has been on the sick list for the last few days, but reported again on Thursday morning.

**

A relay team is still under consideration, and whether or not Notre Dame will have one will be decided in the near future. If we are to have a team the men will be asked to report the first of next week.

**

Captain McNerny will coach the team from now on and will pick the team just before the South Bend series. The Greens will report here about April 15, and the series will start about the 20th.

**

Perce and O'Gorman appear to be our only pitchers at present, and if all the work is to fall on two men they have a hard

task before them. This will be Perce's first year in the box, but it can easily be seen that he will make good. Last year Perce played right-field as we had an abundance of pitchers, but this year he will undoubtedly be found on the slab and will be one of our most valuable men.

**

The last week has been devoted to "gamy" games, some of which were played outside. The weather, while appearing warm and bright, has nevertheless been too cold for baseball, and the pitchers had to be very careful of their arms so that only light work was indulged in.

**

Whenever the weather permits the team will go outside as the out-fielders get very little chance in the "Gym." Bonan, Birmingham and Farabaugh appear to be the most likely candidates for the out-field positions.

**

The faculty board of control has consented to the baseball team making an Eastern trip this year, the team to leave here about June 16. The first game will probably be played at Cleveland with Western Reserve University, and from there the team will go to Washington where they will meet Georgetown. A game between Georgetown and Notre Dame should arouse great interest, as they are the two largest Catholic schools in America and particular interest as one is in the East and the other in the West. Games will be scheduled with Amherst, Brown, Williams and Holy Cross. This is the first trip of the kind that a team from Notre Dame has ever gone on, and the decision of the board has met with hearty approval by the entire student body.

**

Some students took a cross country run Thursday morning. A run of this kind may not make sprinters or even long-distance runners, but it does make a strong body, vigorous mind, and an enviable temper.

**

Friday afternoon the team had their first practice on Brownson campus, and indulged in batting practice. R. L. B.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

A Thesis for February on the Laws Governing
Perpetuities and Accumulations.

A perpetuity may be defined as a future limitation, whether executory or by way of remainder, and of either real or personal property, which is not to vest until after the expiration of, or will not necessarily vest within the period fixed and prescribed by law for the creation of future estates and interests, and which is not destructible by the person for the time being entitled to the property subject to the future limitation, except with the concurrence of the individual interested under that limitation.

The purpose of the rule against perpetuities was to prevent the burdening of estates by the imposition of limitations to take effect on the happening of remote contingencies, for which reason it is often and very properly termed the rule against remoteness. The rule exists in all the states where the common law prevails except in so far as it is modified by statute. These statutes are properly speaking not directed against perpetuities, but simply prohibit restraints upon alienation. The statute does not insist upon the vesting of estates, but only upon their inalienability, and the doctrine of remoteness, therefore, has no materiality, except as it affects the inalienability.

The rule against perpetuities applies to future interests in both realty and personality, whether legal or equitable, and to every kind of conveyance or devise and to every form of limitation or condition by which such future estate or interest may be created. But the rule being directed against future contingent interests only has no application whatever to interests which are vested, for a vested interest by its very nature can not be subject to a condition precedent. In all cases, therefore, where the application of the rule against perpetuities is invoked, the character of the interests as vested or contingent is the primary consideration. Limitations of present life estates are not within the rule, for the reason that they can not by any possibility suspend the vesting beyond the period prescribed by the rule.

Future estates which may be destroyed

at any time by those having present interests in the property, are not deemed of sufficient importance to require the application of the rule. Hence an estate in trust which is destructible at the mere pleasure of the *cestui que trust*, or of the trustee, can not create a perpetuity. And for the same reason the rule does not apply to a limitation after an estate tail or to a power collateral thereto. Nor does it apply to common law remainders, for the reason that if they are vested, remoteness is out of the question, and if contingent they must of necessity take effect, if at all, *eo instanti* the preceding life estate determines. A mortgage or deed of trust executed to secure a debt does not suspend the power of alienating the mortgaged property, and is valid.

In applying the rule against perpetuities, the character or nature of the contingency or event upon which a future interest is limited is of no moment. The only consideration is whether this event, whatever it may be, will happen within the period prescribed by the rule. To render future estates valid they must be so limited that in every possible contingency they will vest within or at the termination of the period.

At common law the periods prescribed by the rule against perpetuities within which contingent interests must become vested is a life or lives in being and twenty-one years afterwards. The number of lives by which the period is measured is immaterial, provided they are all in being when the contingent interest is created, for no matter how many lives there may be, still according to an old expression "the candles are all burning out at once," and the period is in effect merely measured by the life of the longest lived of them.

Where a devise or bequest is to a class of persons answering a given description (e. g., the children of a designated person) and any member of that class may possibly have to be ascertained at a period exceeding the limits allowed by law, the devise fails as to the whole class. The whole property can not be given to those who are in fact ascertained within the period and might have taken it if the gift had been to them *nominativi*, because they are intended to

take in shares to be regulated in amount, augmented or diminished, according to the number of other members of the class, and not to take exclusively of those other members.

Accumulation is the adding of the interest or income of a fund to the principal, or the withholding of income from present distribution for the purpose of creating a constantly increasing fund for distribution at a future time pursuant to the provisions of a will or deed. The right of a person to dispose of his property as he wishes is unquestioned, and it has been held that one may lawfully direct accumulations of the entire income of his estate during the minority of his children, although the court in such case may divert so much of the sum as is necessary for the support of the children.

Though a settler has, at common law, an absolute right, subject to the rule against perpetuities, to control the income of the estate disposed of by him and an equal right under the statute during the statutory period, yet the right can not be effectively exercised by the mere direction to accumulate. At common law if the period for the accumulation fell within the period for the rule against perpetuity it was valid. In a majority of the states this is still the rule.

Under the common law rule the estate might be tied up for a great number of years. To avoid this the Thellusson Act was passed in 1800 to limit the time within which trusts for accumulation of the income of real or personal property should be allowed to run. The statutes in the United States regulating the trusts for accumulation generally limit the duration thereof to the minority of the persons for whose benefit the accumulation is directed. In case the accumulation is for the benefit of several persons it may continue until the majority of the youngest. If the beneficiary dies during majority the accumulation terminates at his death.

A present vested gift of principal is not affected by an illegal direction to accumulate the income, but the donee of the principal takes the income as it accrues.

An unconditional gift to a charity is not affected by direction for accumulation, which is too remote. The income becomes immediately distributable in charity.

J. W. McINERNY, LAW, '06.

Personals.

—Friends and former classmates of Francis J. Conboy (LL. B. '04) will be pleased to learn that a new honor has come to him in the formation of the firm of Doran and Conboy, of Laporte, Indiana. This admittance into partnership with one of the city's most prominent practising lawyers is eloquent testimony to the worth of Mr. Conboy's service. Frank has the best wishes of all who knew him while at Notre Dame.

—Paul Martin (student '01-'02) delighted his old friends at Notre Dame by a recent visit. Mr. Martin has been very successful in his line of work, and was until recently a regular contributor to the literary section of the Chicago *Record-Herald*. A recent article of his on William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, has attracted much favorable comment, and speaks well for Mr. Martin's future success in his chosen work.

—J. P. Devereau of St. Louis, Mo., former army officer and a nephew of Archbishop Ryan died after a long illness in a Philadelphia hospital on Feb. 9th. The deceased retired from the army about a year ago on account of poor health. He and his two brothers were old students at Notre Dame where he is still fondly remembered for his eloquence and cheerful disposition.

—Visitors' Registry:—Miss Colly Conlon, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Byrns, Ishpeming, Mich.; Rev. Daniel M. Donahue, Weedsport, N. Y.; Miss Mary L. Sutton, Williamsport, Ind.; Mrs. H. C. Kinseley, Mr. E. W. Katz, Clarence W. Katz, Joseph Abraham, Edward Bizzard, Col. and Mrs. J. E. Brady, Chicago, Ill.; Miss J. L. Cummer, Edna Hummer, Mrs. E. Guy Sutton, Miss Mildred Brown, Mrs. Irene Robertson, Mrs. Mamye McKibben, Mrs. John Orff, South Bend, Ind.; Miss Lora Hull, St. Joseph, Ind.; Mrs. J. R. Mulconey, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Miss Eleanor Hellman, Galena, Ill.; Mrs. E. O. Bedford, Ogden, Utah; Mrs. W. P. Woody, New York City; Miss Mildred A. Aron, Syracuse, New York; Mrs. W. C. Wendell, Tom H. Wendell, Mary C. Wendell, Frank J. Brockamp, Henry J. Brockamp, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. H. N. Roberts, Wilmington, Ill.

Local Items.

—Exit Winter, enter Spring and Bro. Philip.

—It is nearly time the lawn seats were being hauled out from the winter storehouse.

—Though the guess comes from one in high authority, still we have reasons to doubt Letty's ability as a track-man.

—As is the usual custom on Washington's birthday, the University band rendered a program in the rotunda of the Main building.

—When he meets you he spreads a grin and says, "Well, Mister." The money man will pay handsome prizes for the best answers. Guesses limited to Sorinites.

—It is wonderful how a slight act may speak volumes. This was aptly demonstrated when a flag was seen floating from one of the upper windows in Corby Hall before breakfast last Thursday morning.

—For the general good of the occupants of Sorin's "court" rooms a grate has been inserted in the big chimney. Here the papers, etc., which are thrown out of the windows will be gathered up and burned. We are indebted to Bro. Charles for the idea.

—An history and economic student, one Jas. Keefe by name, credits Richard I. with a financed bride. After all there's nothing like original research, Jim, and it adds some consolation to know that the titled fortune hunters are not solely a contribution of the 20th century.

—It is the will of everybody in general, but more particularly of "those who have a right to say things," that the sophomores (small "s") when breaking up their meetings, recognize their position, and unseen steal off to their respective rooms. No hilarious rooting or bursts of enthusiasm—the privileges of more worthy ones—will hereafter be tolerated. Sophomores, this is ominous and final.

—It wasn't the poodle's fault, the poodle was lost. That accounts for its appearance in the refectory, affrightedly searching around seeking whom it might caress. Perhaps it was because of the pre-established affinity of things, but on the Junior table it found our Leo. The poodle paid its respects, Leo smiled in response, and the poor beast turned and fled. Poor poodle! Cruel Letty! How could you Lee?

—"My Experience with the Heathen O" is the mystic title of a work under way by a member of the Junior class. It is the sequel of a session's missionary endeavor to convert a tribe of propositions in the Logic Jungle. Though the author fails, still his

courageous attempts win our sincere praise and admiration. The work is replete with thrilling and adventurous incidents, and the writer's style can not fail to please. Even at this early date hoping sophomores would do well to watch for it, for there are pitfalls and dark passages in the Junior's life, and much valuable information may be gleaned from this volume. Keefe & Co. are the publishers.

—Washington's birthday to many means but little, but to those who see and feel the significance of the national holiday, feelings of pride and loyal resolves for the preservation of their country's freedom are almost involuntarily elicited. But especially to those who have risked their lives and fought for that liberty, "our" Father's feast must recall with tears of joy the martial past and bring with it unknown emotions of love. To the observant eye of the students such joy and love of country is shown by dear Brother Leander. To the Corbyites more than to any at Notre Dame, the patriotic expression of their faithful prefect must illustrate most vividly what true patriotism means to the heart of a loyal American. Each occurring festival of the Father of our Country is brought to our notice by the draping of national colors over Brother Leander's door. To love of country he has cemented love of God. No better or nobler combination can be conceived than this dual love which flames and overflows in that loyal soldier—Brother Leander.

—Next week we shall observe the Forty Hours' Adoration, one of the most impressive of Catholic ceremonies, and one that has steadily grown in popularity among the faithful ever since its institution in Milan about the year 1534. These exercises—sometimes called Quarant' Ore—are commemorative of the forty hours that our Lord spent in the tomb, and owe their promulgation, if not origin, to a pious Jesuit, who, failing to prohibit an objectionable carnival play, employed the expedient of offering in his church a successful counter-attraction. This priest knew well how to draw on the solemnities of the Catholic storehouse whose peculiar treasures in this regard made St. Teresa exclaim: "I would be willing to lay down my life for a single one of the ceremonies of the Church." To add their share to the observance of the Forty Hours' Adoration the altar-boys, or better said, the members of the St. John Berchmans' Sodality, have determined to constitute themselves self-appointed "Watchers" during the time of Solemn Exposition. Companies of four or more acolytes will relieve one another in the sanctuary every half hour. Let their zeal be an example to others.